rule would be at their wits' end to cope. But if the phrase, faintly crying to your heart, makes you pause a moment, read on while there is unfolded a story more arresting than any novel, more tragic than any sorrow, more lovely than any dream.

My introduction to it I owe to Robert Louis Stevenson who, in general terms, describes the approach to any South Sea Island. He says (and I make no apology for quoting him at length):

" The first experience can never be repeated. The first love, the first sunrise, the first South Sea Island, are memories apart and touched a virginity of sense. On the 28th of July 1888 the moon was an hour down by four in the morning. In the east a radiating centre of brightness told of the day; and beneath, on the skyline, the morning bank was already building, black as ink. * . „

Although the dawn was thus

preparing, the sun
was not up till six; and it was half-past five before
we could distinguish our expected islands from
the clouds on the horizon. Eight degrees south
and the day two hours aborning. The interval
was passed on deck in the silence of expectation,